The Umbrella Tree

Elephant has a very important gardening job.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

The Umbrella Tree

Elephant planted a tiny tree beside the path.

He pressed the soil gently with his foot. He watered it with a splash.

"Grow tall," he whispered.

That afternoon, rain began to fall.

Elephant rushed outside with his yellow umbrella. He held it over the tree.

"There," he said. "Now you won't get wet."

Bird landed on the fence.

"What are you doing?"

"Keeping my tree dry."

Bird tipped her head. "But trees drink rain."

Elephant looked at the watering can by the path. He looked at the umbrella. He looked at the tree.

"Oh," he said. "Then I have brought the wrong sort of help."

The Umbrella Tree

He moved the umbrella aside.

Raindrops pattered onto the leaves. One drop hung from the tip, like a bead.

Elephant watched it fall into the thirsty soil.

"Do you think it likes that?" he asked.

"It looks very comfortable," said Bird.

Elephant stood in the rain until his ears dripped.

Bird fluffed her feathers. "I, however, am getting rather soggy."

Elephant raised the umbrella above himself. Bird hopped underneath.

Soon Mouse arrived. Then Rabbit. There was just enough room if everyone tucked in their toes.

Together they watched the little tree drink.

"One day," said Elephant, "it might be tall enough to shelter all of us."

A drop slid off the umbrella and landed on his trunk.

Plip!

"Until then," he added, "I shall be the umbrella tree."

Mouse leaned against his foot. Outside their yellow roof, the new leaves trembled happily in the rain.

THE END

Original MimoMango story. Story and illustration created with AI assistance. First edition, 2026.